

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.



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Referee, Oct. 9th, 1904.

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Birmingham Daily Post, Oct. 14th, 1904.

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To publish an Evangel of Peace and Happiness, Health and Purity, Life and Power.

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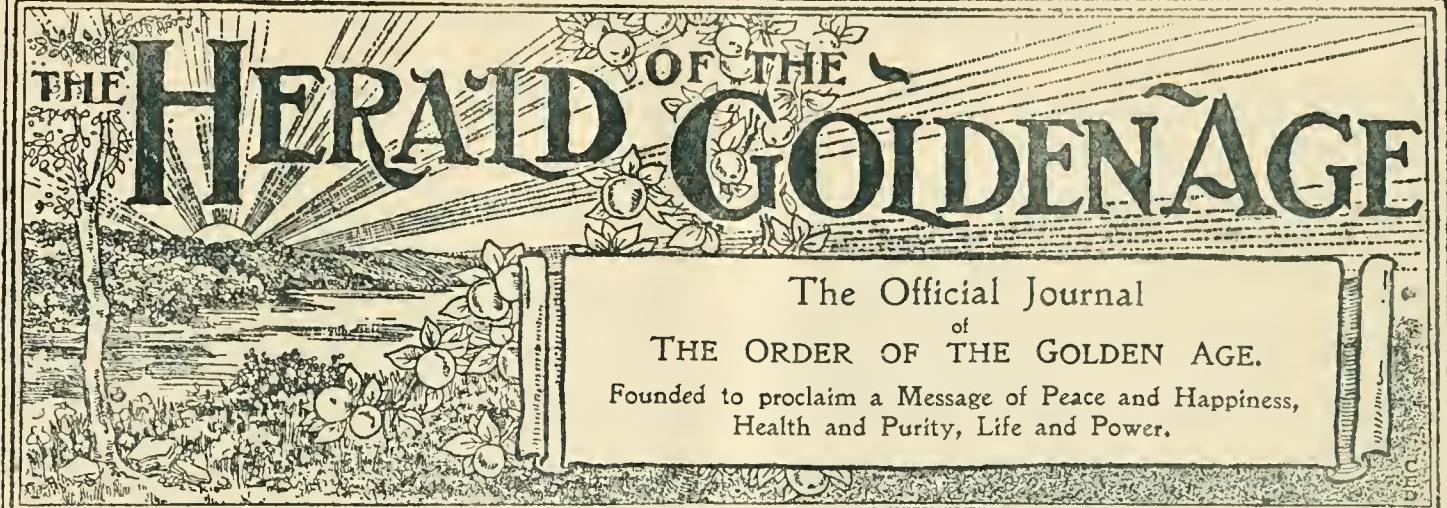
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THREEPENCE.

The Coming Renaissance.

Our Christian religion was based at its foundation upon the ethics of the Golden Rule, and the early disciples of the Christ whose life and teaching were so essentially beneficent and humane, were noted for their exemplification of altruistic love and merciful consideration.



But Christendom has, apparently, for more than fifteen centuries, been suffering from some form of obsession by a spirit of inhumanity

and heartlessness. It has been passing through a veritable 'Dark Age.'

A prominent feature of this period has been the existence of a general inability to realize the fraternal relationship existing between men of different race, belief, or social condition—and of a dearth of pity for creatures who were weak and defenceless.

Callous indifference concerning the infliction of pain and wrong upon those unable to resist the tyranny of the strong, combined with a tendency to indulge in ruthless exploitation of the less favoured, have been unmistakable signs of the unholy influence which has dominated the nations of the Western world.

And it makes one feel sad to reflect that the various religious organizations which have throughout these past centuries been regarded as representative of Christianity, have, with but a few bright exceptions, not only acquiesced in this popular manifestation of pagan sentiment, and neglected to challenge or deprecate the same effectually, but have themselves, been conspicuously under the spell of this malign 'zeitgeist.'

Their Inquisitions, their persecutions, their benedictions upon War, their condonation of cruelty to animals, and their failure to exalt humanness as an essential Christian characteristic, evidence this fact.

And we are only just beginning to emerge from the cloud which has overshadowed the Sanctuary of our Faith for so long a time.

The Cloud upon the Sanctuary. Less than a hundred years ago the Christian States upheld Slavery, and the Churches supported it officially and justified it with Biblical quotations.

The idea of preventing the worst forms of cruelty to animals (then so common as to pass almost unnoticed), was treated as a joke, even in the British House of Commons.

Child-slavery was prevalent; War was glorified; capital punishment was made as hideous and as public as possible; and prisoners who were convicted of minor crimes were driven mad in our prisons and our convict-hulks by torture, flogging or slow starvation.

In the eighteenth century it was a usual practice for pigs to be whipped to death in order that their flesh might be rendered more toothsome for benighted persons who thought themselves Christians, but who were unable to realize the depth of the abyss to which they had fallen.

All these things, and many more, flourished almost unchallenged in England and elsewhere, after a millennium of ecclesiastical supremacy and of consequent boundless opportunity to mould the thought and feeling of the population of these European countries.

And however much we, as individual followers of Christ, may deplore the sad truth, it were better for us to face it honestly, in order that we may feel constrained to embrace the great opportunity which now exists to labour for the redemption of Christendom from the inhumanity and hardness of heart which are even yet so prevalent.

Although we are naturally inclined to shrink from any condemnation of our forefathers, and the religious teachers of their time, yet we are justified in deplored the visual limitations, the racial and self-idolatry, and the lack of humane sentiment with which they were afflicted—and in seeking to emancipate ourselves, our contemporaries, and our posterity from the same.

For our eyes have been opened so that we apprehend the kinship that exists between ourselves and God's other creatures upon this Earth.

We are enabled to realize how the sacred Temple of Christianity has been desecrated, and we can see the

glorious vision of a Christendom purified, humanised and redeemed from its cruelty, its sin, and the consequent penalty of suffering which inevitably follows wrong-doing.

And it is not only our privilege but our duty to take our stand fearlessly for Truth and Righteousness, and to serve God and Man, and the Church of Christ, by pleading for Humaneness and Reform.

The Judgment of the Churches. The great standard by which men and nations and religious systems must alike be judged still remains for our guidance—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

And by this standard the Churches of Christendom will stand or fall at the judgment bar of a truly educated, cultured and enlightened mankind—and of the Judge of all the Earth, who is immanent in, and manifest through Man upon this planet.

The 'Coming Race' will be both humane and spiritual. And they will want to know what effect has been produced upon the minds, the characters, and the social condition of the adherents of the various religious organizations of the world as a result of the ministration and teaching provided by each.

And if they find thorns instead of grapes, and thistles instead of figs, they will follow the wise counsel of the Teacher of Nazareth and form their opinions accordingly; they will repudiate and leave all Churches which do not really meet the needs of the souls of men, and will look elsewhere for spiritual leadership.

France has already virtually repudiated a religious ministry which she has judged to be effete or unfruitful of real help to the State.

Japan decided not to adopt the religion of England because, after thoughtful consideration and careful investigation of the moral and social condition of this country, her Commissioners reported unfavourably.

And this same process will take place still more extensively in the future, as the Nations become more enlightened.

Many of our most far-seeing religious teachers have already been led to apprehend that the Church and the Ministry of the future *must be humane*, if they are to stand.

They realize that unless the Christianity of the Churches can be disassociated with the systematic maltreatment and wanton massacre of animals, it will be supplanted by the humamer religions of the East, which are more truly, in this respect, in accord with the Christianity of Christ.

Ministers of nearly all our various religious denominations are now, individually, ranging themselves on the side of the advocates of Humaneness in general, and of Humanity in Diet in particular; and all sincere Christians who really desire to see the religion of Jesus accomplish its great purpose in leading men to God, to spirituality, and to heaven, will do well to follow their example.

A Humane Declaration. A Manifesto (which is an unique historic document) bearing the signatures of Clergy and Ministers of all the chief religious organizations—which declares their conviction that the sanguinary carnivorous habits of the people of these Christian lands are *Wrong*, because of the cruelties and horrors involved in the same—and inviting all truly religious persons to abandon the said

habits, and to adopt a reformed and humane diet, can be seen at the Headquarters of The Order of the Golden Age.

And this document, to which ministerial signatures are still being constantly added, evidences the growth of compassion and right feeling which is beginning to take place, and foreshadows the coming emancipation of the animal races from human tyranny.

One of our religious organizations—the Salvation Army—which has already given the Churches many practical object lessons concerning whole-hearted Christian endeavour, is showing the way in this matter also. General Booth recently stated that a large and rapidly increasing number of his officers were abstainers from butchered food; and the various journals published by this 'church of the masses' are now openly advocating dietetic reform for humane reasons.

And it is quite probable that before many more decades have passed, the congregations of Christendom will refuse to tolerate in our pulpits spiritual instructors who eat their fellow creatures in scorn of all humane and moral considerations, and also in violation of hygienic law.

The consideration of such a possibility as this suggests how desirable it is that *all* our religious teachers should embrace their privilege to help bring about this humane Reform in Christian lands, and thus fulfil their office as spiritual leaders, instead of refraining from such action, and following tardily in the wake of transformed popular thought and custom.

The need of Christendom. There is abundant need for such advocacy as a first step to the humanisation of Christendom.

For notwithstanding the large amount of devoted and noble philanthropic effort that is now being put forth by so many clerical and lay workers in our cities and towns, no one can deny that wanton barbarity still abounds throughout England and other Christian lands, and that although we are civilized we are not yet *humane*.

We still have our licensed host of torturers of animals by vivisection, our Inquisition Hells behind the closed doors of our laboratories, our cruel blood-sports, our wholesale and never-ending massacres in our slaughter-houses, our lynchings and burnings of negroes by inhuman crowds, our bull fights, our Congo atrocities, and numerous other evidences that the Western nations are still afflicted with the spirit of cruelty, a distressing dearth of pity, and a positive lust for bloodshed, as a result of carnal feeding and habitual acquiescence in the sanguinary butchery which it entails.

But the hour of a Renaissance of humane and Christian sentiment is at hand, and it is our privilege to participate in the great work of re-exalting, as a fundamental and essential Ideal of our sacred religion, the imperative obligation which rests upon all its adherents, to be just, merciful and kind.

And this Ideal, when it is lifted up before the eyes and in the hearts of men, as being of supreme importance for all, and applicable to our sub-human as well as our human fellow-creatures, will transform the thought, legislation, custom and condition of the Western nations during this present century.

Earth's long night of pain, and strife, and sorrow is passing, and a New Era is at hand.

The watchers on the heights can see the foreglow of the dawning day of Peace and Righteousness and Brotherhood; and from East to West the planet is vibrating with the sense of the coming awakening and of the coming glory.

One by one the barriers that hinder are being broken down; ignorance, prejudice, and superstition are being swept away; and the children of men are beginning to realize that our world may yet become a Paradise again if only Knowledge and Understanding, Humaneness and Altruism, and Obedience to the Divine Will, become prevalent amongst the Nations.

And every hour the great tide of spiritual influence from the higher Spheres—illuminating, purifying, and transforming—augments and gathers strength.

Ideals which were considered to be Utopian dreams of the unattainable a few decades ago, are regarded as practical politics to-day, and are being seriously considered and striven for both by old and young.

Visions of world-transformation, seen hitherto only by the clear eyes of the prophetic ones, are now imaged in the minds of statesmen, journalists, and workers in the factories and fields. And the redemption of mankind from war and cruelty, transgression and inhumanity, is regarded as a practical and attainable possibility for the realization of which all enlightened souls may hopefully put forth endeavour.

God wants volunteers for the strife against Cruelty and Wrong, for by human instruments must the work of redemption be accomplished.

And what holier or more beneficent form of Christian endeavour could any of us undertake, than this work of winning men and women from customs which bring untold agony upon myriads of our lesser brethren of the animal world, and untold sorrow and suffering upon mankind in the forms of disease, demoralisation and premature death?

Sidney H. Beard.

The Golden Future.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope, Remember,
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of Promise, forgetting;
Whatever the Past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the Past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, revolve.
It is never too late to begin rebuilding.
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For see how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A New Year's Message.

If, instead of living—we merely exist;

If, instead of being the masters of circumstance, we are its slaves;

If, instead of possessing boundless Life and Energy—and Peace and Joy and Rest, we feel un-centred, disorganized, and tossed to and fro by the ever-rolling waves of passing events;

If we have not yet realized the Kingdom of Heaven within us, the

Life more abundant;

Then it behoves us to take, without delay, this first step, a *Dedication of our whole Life and Being to God*.

This step must be taken by all those who would be free;

We are so inclined to go on day after day, and year after year, in a state of compromise.

We may be Church-goers, and we may try to lead a good life; but are we God's own, walking as a child with its father? That is the essential point.

Unless we can say "My life is wholly God's; I fear nothing; I live to fulfil His Will, striving to keep the realization of His Divine Presence continually in my heart," unless, I say, we can utter these words with truth and conviction, then, whatever other good we may possess, we are in a poor and unstable position.

If, on the contrary, we can honestly make such an affirmation, then we have planted our feet upon an Eternal Rock which no power in the Universe can destroy.

As a practical Idealist, who has had many years of hard struggle in the battle of life, I say that the one great essential of life is to walk the earth as a child of God, and to view everything from the Divine standpoint.

And here, and by means of this brief message, I would invite every reader to definitely consecrate his or her life.

Consecrated Souls are needed, who eat and drink, work and play, live and breathe, in the continual realization of the Divine Presence. And the only truly rational view of life, the view which alone satisfactorily accounts for our sojourn here on Earth, is that we are here to fulfil God's Purpose.

Let us therefore study to know and follow the Divine Will, for in this is the whole of Wisdom.

Oh! reader, friend and brother, before you lay aside this journal, make a definite consecration of your entire life—and of all your life's work for ever and ever!

So shall you conquer fear, turmoil and death!

So also shall you safely journey onward and upward till the clouds of Earth drift away and you attain that Blessed Life when God shall wipe all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away!

A Member of the Council.

Brother Pain and his Crown.

Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.—Rev. xxi. 3.

What a dreadful thing pain is," is a phrase that comes to me from all sides, and I am bound to use all my skill to hasten its departure.



And yet sometimes I hear a divine whisper which gives a kind of blessing to the groans of the sufferer, and I recognise, in the grip of the fiery fiend of agony, the gentle hand clasp of my dear "Brother Pain."

Ah, Brother Pain, Brother Pain, teach me your lesson gently and leave me not comfortless in the sharp hour of your first coming!

Teach me, oh Brother Pain, *in tua absentia*, to speak of thee justly and to tell of thy good deeds truly. May I, too, remember the same when thou comest to me thyself.

Grant, kindly Father-Mother, that when my stricken servants send in sad messages that the outposts are seized and that a locust host is rolling up in all the lust of conquest; and when the vantage ground is taken and hot bolts are pouring deadly carnage into the very citadel, and the howling savagery and butchery shut out all sounds of psalmody, that I may still rest in that perfect love that knows no fear.

The Benediction of Pain!

How can pain either be blessed or bring blessing? Surely such talk is mere hypocrisy—pain can only be spoken of as a curse and as bringing malediction!

Pain comes as a great Warner. Pain comes as a great Teacher. Pain is the Penalty of Cruelty. Pain comes as a Delusive Evil. Pain comes to crown the brow of all Saviours.

Pain the Warner, the Finger-post, the Guide, the kindly voice that warns and keeps us in the narrow path.

People are daily running towards the sloughs and morasses of physical and mental and spiritual destruction; and happy are those who are turned back in time by the sentry call of pain.

There is written on a great tomb in Jeypur: "I never saw a man lost on a straight road"; and it is to keep us on that straight road that Brother Pain places his soldiers at the corners of many a bye path in which men might get lost.

"Keep me in the straight Way" is our prayer, and Brother Pain not only says "Amen" to our prayers, but offers us his best help to enable us to fulfil our aspirations.

Were it not for the warning voice of pain, we should be always putting our fingers in the fire, and getting our best members destroyed by carelessness.

Blessed be pain which warns us off the danger-land and keeps us in the narrow way.

If I had the power to-morrow to destroy the barbed wire which lines the pathway to heaven and to give

every one the freedom to straggle hither and thither where they would, and to be lost how and when they listed, I should be a traitor to myself and to God if I were to do so.

It would be like removing the holly hedge which separates the cliff road from the great precipice, and like taking away the rails from round a baby's cot because their cramping chafes his little spirit.

Sad, indeed is the fate of those who have found a loop-hole in life's hedges where pain has not yet been set, and who find themselves far gone into the loneliness of the distant night ere they are conscious of their danger.

Blessed be thy guardian care, oh Brother Pain! May thy sharp sentinel challenge me roughly whenever I come to the wrong turning that leads to Sodom or that which, devious and pleasant to the eye, ends in the burning pits of Gomorrah.

Pain the Teacher.

We can picture to ourselves all sorts of ways in which the world could be carried on. We often think we could improve on the present method.

Perhaps we could, for some of us are wonderfully clever—in talking.

Of all the experiments that have been tried, however, by the clever people to make men improve and keep good on lines which they thought better than Kosmic ones, I have known none to succeed.

There are plenty of clever people left who are excellent at criticising God and His Methods, and there are plenty of men and women and children who are far from perfect yet, so that the clever people can still go on trying their brand new methods—and if only they would try their hand at a little practical character building on their own lives, they would do less harm to other people and certainly do more good to themselves than by resting satisfied as arm-chair critics of God.

For me, at any rate, I am bound to own that when I hurt my head every time I bump it against a wall, I learn in time to lose my childish longings to run full tilt against every obstruction I see.

Whether we like it or not, whether we approve of it or not, whether we think we could improve on it or not, we are bound to confess that pain is a potent schoolmaster.

I take it for granted that peace and joy and pleasure are things we all long for and aspire eventually to obtain.

We call the place "Heaven" where we shall at length get this exquisite, ideal life.

Why this is not heaven here is because there are a number of people who interfere with our rest, and who cut us off from our joy, and who spoil our pleasure.

They, perhaps, say the same about us, but we for our part are willing to confess that this world is a very good world, and that it is *the people in it* who make it so miserable.

That is to say—we think it is *the other* people, and the other people think it is through *us* that the trouble comes.

At any rate this thing is clear, that if we all went to Heaven as we are, we should soon say of Heaven, as we say of Earth, that "Heaven is all right, but it is *the people in it* who are so unsatisfactory."

Some people will have to change therefore before Heaven can be reached.

When we analyse the causes of people interfering with our joy and our peace and our pleasure, we find that all worries and all weariness arise from what are called "Vices"—lust, hatred, cupidity, selfishness and the like.

And when we own up, we have to admit that traces of these vices exist even in ourselves.

The only difference being that in *other* people we call them vices; in ourselves we call them *weaknesses* or perhaps *temptations*.

Whatever we *call* them, they have to be purged away before Heaven is possible.

How can this be done? Brother Pain is a great teacher. I am tempted and fall and suffer pain. Again I am tempted, and again I fall, and again I suffer more pain.

After a while I learn that pain follows this particular indulgence.

After a while the memory of the pain becomes so fixed in my consciousness that I lose even my wish for the pleasure. That which was once a temptation too great to conquer is now well within the power of control.

Nay, at times the memory of the pain has burnt itself so deeply in, that what was once a temptation is a temptation now no longer, and the man walks harmless and unallured amongst those meretricious attractions which once used to draw him away from his ideals.

Thus it is that as men grow older they grow less criminal.

The statistics of crime prove most powerfully the influence of Brother Pain for good.

However vicious may have been our inclinations in our heyday of youth, we "sober down" to more virtuous habits after years of buffettings for every transgression that we commit, from the stern myrmidons of our Brother Pain.

Oh, Brother Pain, blessed Brother, how faithfully dost thou teach men that it is better to be good than evil.

There are many of us who want to be good. There are many who seem unable to learn virtue from any other schoolmaster than pain.

Blessed be pain which never fails to teach that goodness brings its own reward by proving how hard is the pathway of transgressors.

Hail to thee, great Master! Deal gently with our ignorance; be kindly to our weakness, but, and if all softer methods fail, sting us with the fiery talons of thy wrath, so only that thou leave us not to die in the outer courts of destruction.

The Purgung Flame. Isaiah saw the vision and grasped its meaning and then taught us for all time

the mystery of Brother Pain who can burn out our evil passions and sear the very stump so thoroughly that we shall never more be tempted by the things which now are leading us astray.

Isaiah had lips which had been fouled by words of insincerity and which were subject to the temptations of weak humanity, and when the beautiful message of God was given to him to proclaim, he felt his own unworthiness, he knew that his lips were unfit to speak the holy name of God, and upon his soul there rushed in like a tide the consciousness of his own temptations.

"Woe is me" said poor Isaiah, "for I am undone,

because I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips."

Then came Brother Pain the purifier, and Isaiah watched him flying in his beauteous garb of holy seraphim unto the altar of blazing coals, and his soul shrank from the coming ordeal.

And Brother Pain took the live coal from off the altar with tongs, and bore it burning and fiery and searing in its heat and pressed it against the lips of the prophet.

And with a childlike faith he bore his agony and endured his cross, and when the fulness of the burning was accomplished and the function of the pain fulfilled he heard the explanation of the mystery of his sufferings.

"So," said the great Elder Brother, "this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged!"

Oh, beautiful Brother Pain, I would pray thee to come into my life also and to bring the blazing coal from the altar and to sear out my foul spots and burn away my corruptions.

Unto me, then, perchance at the close of my sufferings and of my torments there shall come the gracious words of pardon:

"Thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin is purged."

Pain the Penalty of Cruelty. Pain is a scientific necessity. So long as pain be wantonly inflicted, so long must pain be suffered.

The dominion of pain as pain will never be terminated and the transformation of Brother Pain into Brother Joy will never be accomplished so long as wanton cruelty is perpetuated.

Here am I, a weak human creature going on my knees and whining and begging God to spare me pain.

Here am I, an arrogant little tin god, going out with scalpel and gun and knife, and claiming that, as lord of creation, I have the right to inflict what pain I please upon my lower fellow creatures.

And yet there is ever before me that beautiful parable of the Master.

There was a servant who fell on his knees and prayed his Master to forgive him his debt because he could not pay. And his Master forgave him.

And this servant went and played the tyrant to his fellow servant and seized him by the throat and shook him and swore that since he owed the money, the poor wretch should pay it.

"I am," he said, "the creditor. You are the debtor. You owe me the money. It is only just and right that you should pay it. Pay it therefore you shall."

But his lord thought differently.

"The mercy," he argued, "which I have shown to you, should have been an example for you to follow. I forgave you a large debt because you asked me. Why, then, did you stand on your rights? Why did you not forgive your debtor his little debt when he pitifully besought you?"

And he delivered the little tyrant over to Brother Pain that he might learn that the most beautiful of all Charters of Rights is the Right to give up your rights at the bidding of Mercy.

Teach me, kindly Father, the deep lesson of this parable of the Master.

Unto the sons of men hast thou granted a pardon. In thine infinite power Thou hadst the right of life and death, of spiritual torture and eternal damnation over them; but Thy loving mercy gave them joy and rest, instead of pain and agony, offered them freedom in place of prison, nurture in place of neglect, liberty in place of bondage, sonship in place of servitude, and heaven in place of hell.

And then man rises up from the stool of pardon and turns round upon the lowly cringing creation to whom he is as a god, and with a loud and arrogant voice selfishly points to himself and says:—

“My stomach calls for your dead bodies, go and kill yourselves that I may eat you up.”

“My nerves and muscles want exercise and tone, go and dance the dance of death before me that I may shoot you as you gambol.”

“My illnesses want your vitality to heal them, go and lie in the vivisector’s hell that by your diseases and manglings I may escape the penalties of my misdeeds.”

“Though you cry to me with ten thousand pitiful tongues I will not hear you. My stomach likes your cooked-up bodies and my stomach has no ears to hear with, and its bowels are not those of compassion.”

“You may sob from byre and bleat from shippion, you may groan from cattleship and mourn from lonely stalls, you may bellow from abattoir and shriek from blood-stained slaughter-house, you may agonize and die in your thousands and in your tens of thousands, but I will not hear you.”

“My stomach likes the flavour of savoury meat and I should miss it if I didn’t have it, so, cost what it may in blood and agony, I like my meat and I intend to have it!”

And while the meat was in their mouths the wrath of God was kindled against them and ten thousand died of a murrain at Kibroth Hataaveh!

And to-day and yet again to-day the wrath of God is kindled against those who cry for mercy but will show none, and into the prison-house of Brother Pain he delivers them to learn the lesson of self-sacrifice.

They are those who will eat a beefsteak though the poor ox suffered ever so, but who will for all time abstain from beef if they find it gives them indigestion!

Brother Pain, potent indeed are thy powers to sway men, whether they will it or not.

Butchery, Blood sports, Vivisection, these are three great habits of Cruelty whereby man forgets to grant that mercy which himself implores.

Of these the greatest of all is Butchery, because it is so supremely and personally selfish.

Until man has learnt those lessons of self-sacrifice and mercy, which God is ever teaching, there will be no end to the dominion of Brother Pain.

If I inflict pain selfishly and wantonly upon the lower creation to which I am as God, then will my prayers for ease from pain remain unheeded, and the great Lord whose servant I am must needs hand me over to the prison house of Brother Pain to learn my lessons.

So long as pain is being wantonly inflicted—however we may shut our eyes that they do not see the sad sights of slaughter, and close our ears that they do not hear the dire sounds of butchery—so long will pain have to be suffered!

The Passing of Pain. It is no wanton sport of God that the world of human life is fraught all through

with pain and suffering. It is a grim scientific necessity laid down for the welfare of the race, and is as inexorable as Fate.

But when the Golden Age has come, and when man has gone back to the beautiful garden of God, wherein God fed him on the fruits of the garden, there will be a scientific reason why pain should lessen and why the punitive work of Brother Pain should draw near its ending.

In the Book of the Revelation of St. John this is foreshadowed—“There shall be no more pain”—and their food shall be the fruit of the twelve trees of the garden of God!

Ah, Brother Pain, Brother Pain, teach us to be merciful towards our little brothers of the field and the farm “that we may bring no pain into their realm, nor wantonly break the golden bowls of life, but may help every gentle creature to live in gracious fulfilment of its own life’s mystery.”

It is not necessary for health or happiness to eat their dead bodies. Let us, then, spare them their torture agony, and let us, then, for Mercy’s sake take instead “the kindly fruits of the earth,” and our own pain shall be lessened.

It is not necessary for enjoyment or development that we use our little gentle brothers and dainty sisters of lower form as living targets to mangle and to kill.

Let us, then, abstain from all blood sports over gentle creatures, for the sake of the Holy Saints of God who have set us the example, and we, too, shall lose our day of terror and of blood.

It is not necessary for our health or for the victory over disease that we should dissect and inoculate and torture unto the uttermost those sweet cousins of ours in fur and feathers whose only protection is their cloak of innocence and their only defence the panoply of helplessness.

Let us, then, abstain from vivisection for the sake of the gentle Jesus who was born into the manger of an animal and whose earthly life was made possible by the kindly hospitality and self-given food of the mother cow.

The Christian has for far too long hammered in the heads of those mild-eyed kine whose ancestors gave life and home and shelter to the infant Jesus.

The Hindoo for countless ages has elected to go short himself rather than grudge a handful of food to the sacred cow—sacred because it is to him a type of motherhood and creatorship—a giver of milk from itself—a giver of food to the hungry and of life to him who is dying of want.

And so when man has learned that the harvest of Cruelty sown is pain reaped, he will no longer sow his seed of Cruelty.

When man has learned to do towards the creation below him what he asks God to do to him, then, indeed, will the whip of Brother Pain fall from his hand, and the prison gates of his realm will be thrown open for ever, and the whole dungeon depths of his woe will be swept away, and the grim castles of his power will be razed to the ground . . . and the field of Ardash shall grow up there and the rose garden of Sharon shall cast its fragrance over what has now become the fair land of Brother Joy.

May the coming of Brother Joy be hastened.

The Overcoming of Pain.

What seems to be pain is often but the shadow of suffering and not the thing itself.

When I operate upon some internal structure I find that it is the cutting through the skin which causes the acute sensation.

Pain is largely a physiological sensation of the skin and of the extremities, and he who lives on the surface of himself feels the most pain.

To those who live high up in their supreme self there is no pain.

Who has not heard of the blessed martyrs embracing the stake and singing sweet hymns of praise to God the while that their flesh was roasting and their limbs were crackling with the heat. To them there was no agony, and the face of Brother Pain was as the bright face of an angel.

Stand beside the swinging hooks of an Indian fakir and hear him chanting his sacred shâster to Ram the Creator while the iron is eating into his flesh.

From West to farthest East the same message is found—that men may live in their higher self whereunto pain may never come.

Live in your finger-tips, and every cold wind freezes you and every sun-ray scorches.

Live in your deep central citadel and all the blasts of Creation may blow their cheeks out, but you will be safe from their fury. All the fires of Hell may play against you, but you will walk like Daniel amid the flames and be unhurt.

Live in your superficial self, where things are unreal and where the petty cares of life loom large, as if they were of importance, and you will ever feel the grip of pain and the heartache of his dominion.

But take your passport and leave this land, Retire into the sweet solemn chamber of the sacred self, climb up into the sanctuary of the highest within, and pain hath no dominion there.

Practice daily drawing away from the allurements of the members and from the attractions of the bodily sensations.

Here alone is the realm of pain. Strive to get deeper down and higher up and nearer and still nearer to the centre; and by so far as you succeed in entering the sweet paradise of the blessed Sanctuary of the Soul, by so far will you be withdrawn from the power of pain.

To those who will there will be no pain.

The Crown of Suffering. And, lastly, the Crown of the blessed Saviour comes in through the mystery of pain.

If I would take up the rôle of a humble follower of the great Master, I, too, must consciously bear the pain of others.

The world is full of groanings and of sighings which cannot be uttered. The chambers of death are charnel-houses of agony.

With a fearful shuddering we hear of the long-drawn sufferings of some poor soul, and we pitifully thank God that we are spared such torture.

But to those who will, there is the privilege offered of entering the sad prison gates and bearing some of the stripes.

The sacred law has been proclaimed on earth. The soul that sins shall suffer.

The sacred remedy has been sent down from Heaven; The soul that wills to win the seats of God must bear some of the sufferings that others have merited.

Think of the hallowed joys of motherhood, one long trailing glory of the sacrifice of the self that others may suffer less.

The child puts its hand in the fire.

The law of Nature demands that it shall suffer pain.

The law of God allows that this pain may be borne in part by a voluntary and innocent victim.

The mother holds the child upon her breast, and all the live-long night she tramps the floor with clapping, crooning lullaby.

Had the child been left alone it would have suffered more, but now the mother stills its cries and lessens its sad pain by her own suffering.

Oh, Brother Pain, thrice blessed. Gate-keeper of Paradise. Let me clasp thy rugged cheeks and press thy hallowed thorns upon my brow, for in thee and through thee do I enter the hidden gateway of Heaven.

Joy, holy joy, is mine, which none can take away, when I go down to the damned and put my tongue upon the burning flame, so that some poor broken soul may have a moment's respite from his torture.

Joy, holy joy, is mine, which none can diminish, when I take upon my own shoulders the burden which is breaking the back of some sin-stained brother.

The Cross was once the emblem of thy curse, but it has now been sanctified. Let me clasp it to my bosom and realize its benediction.

Not *my* pain, for that is worthless to count.

But let me take up the pain of others and let me clasp thy knees, dear Brother Pain, when thou art pouring out thy chastening vials upon some other sinner, and let me suffer a little for others as thy Master and mine has suffered much for me.

So shall I see him whom my soul loveth—and He shall teach me the mystery of why the face of dear Brother Pain has so long been wreathed in sorrow, and why his crown has been diminished all these long ages.

Though I know not now, yet am I content to trust, for I know in whom I have believed, and I know that in His hands the sharpest of pain's arrows has its ministration of good.

Josiah Oldfield.

This article, with additions, is being reprinted as an artistic gift book. Price Sixpence.)

**A Petition.**

Give us the fond and wholesome joys

Of home and friends and tender ties;

Yet if too much of sweetness cloys,

And pleasure unmolested dies,

Give us our meed of pain and woe—

The soul needs shade at times to grow.

Make us content with what we have,

But discontent with what we are.

The boat that's anchored in the sand

Goes not beyond the harbour bar.

Give us the courage to break free

And find what we can do, and be.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How I Became a Vegetarian.

Having been, from my infancy, a passionate lover of animals, the fact that the objects of my tenderest feelings were slaughtered for food has always been a cause of nightmare and heartache to me.



I remember, as a little child, shrinking behind my mother's dress, once when she was interviewing the village butcher, and obstinately refusing to "shake hands" with him. I also remember the terror with which I would peep at a certain door in our farmyard, the door of the slaughterhouse, in close proximity to the grunting unconscious inmates of the pigsty, which one by one mysteriously disappeared.

As children we possessed an old pet sheep, "Daisy." The occasion of Daisy's "shearing" was always celebrated as a holiday in the schoolroom, but—the function took place within those aforementioned doors; and though I remember the others in their excitement would press in and around the operating bench—(a bench with many a dark stain on it)—no power on earth would induce me to enter.

Yet another episode stamps itself on my mind: my seeing inadvertently as a child of ten or eleven, a sheep in its death struggles. I was going to the stable to get some hay for my rabbits, when my happy bounding heart suddenly became still at the sight which broke on my eyes; a writhing, kicking, gasping sheep, on its back, and a thick-set burly man in a blue smock (the detested butcher, who represented the Evil One himself to me), with upraised arm, was on the point of plunging a long knife into the neck. Shall I ever forget the relentless look, fiendish it appeared to me, on that human face?

The terrible shock and impression on my brain gradually grew fainter, however, and the awful dreams and perspirations I endured for nights afterwards passed away. I was told "I must not cry," that it was all "very sad and painful," but that these things "had to be." Years passed, I left my nervous impressionable childhood behind me, grew to girlhood, and womanhood; I learned to smile indulgently at my old "sentimentality," still the ever present hateful fact of "slaying to eat" seemed to force itself on my notice and consciousness more and more, and still continued to remain to me the most terrible and unanswerable of all life's riddles.

I attended Anti-Vivisection meetings, Dumb Friends' Leagues, S.P.C.A. meetings, and Bazaars, Bands of Pity, Fetes, etc., etc.—came out to find a cart-load of reeking carcases just opposite the entrance doors, and would hurry past trying my best to feel it was all right and appropriate, and that everything which could be done for animals was surely being done.

"But they must be killed!" rang in my ears like an ironical death knell. Sometimes a faint silvery chime seemed to answer, "Must they?" but I hastily silenced it and dismissed the question as impracticable.

At last, in 1898, I met a young clergyman, Mr. Millard, who happened to be staying in the neighbourhood, a vegetarian. Somehow (it was between the

sets at a tennis party) the talk between us flowed into the channel of the rights of the lower animals, and I confided to him the thing which for so long had been bruising my innermost sacred feelings, and shaking my faith in a merciful God. He did not press me at all at the time to give up meat eating. There were only a few quiet, rather hurried words, and a few days later I received from him a copy of *The Herald of the Golden Age*.

I was powerfully impressed and straightway ordered more literature on the same subject. A few more weeks and I began to refuse meat at meals. This drew down on me opposition from friends, and the family doctor too told me it was all fudge, and that "I must live sensibly if I wanted to be strong." I was not in particularly good health or spirits at the time that I began this first attempt, and it was, of course, attributed to my not having had a chop or a rissole every day.

Kind-hearted people told me "that I was too delicate to play tricks with my constitution," "that vegetarianism was a beautiful idea, but only to be fulfilled in the Millennium or Paradise," "that a little meat was necessary," or else "they only wished they could give it up themselves," and so on *ad infinitum*. Nothing more or less in reality than the old "There! don't cry! it has to be"—childish consolation.

The end of it was I allowed myself to be talked over (the seed not having yet any root in itself). I burned or locked away all books and pamphlets I had collected on the subject, and tried my uttermost to strangle and bury the tiresome restless higher self which rose up and confronted me with sad reproachful eyes whenever I submitted to a "tiny morsel" of beef or mutton being put upon my plate. *In vain!*

I went on in this miserable, uncertain, moral-suicidal way for seven long years, and then, suddenly, the climax came. I happened to be staying at a friend's house in Derby, and awoke to find the sun pouring through the yellow blinds of my room on the lovely morning of May 9th, 1905. It was Tuesday, Cattle Market Day, and the usual sounds were arising from the street below, Bleating and lowing, mingled with shouts of men and the barking of dogs, and the soft thud, and "pad! pad!" of multitudes of feet. I lay back in my comfortable bed and reflected lazily that every one of those animals was treading its 'Via Dolorosa,' was going to its death, and for me. Then I hastily pushed the thought away.

That same afternoon I was strolling down Queen Street, Derby, when I saw a poor young white heifer being driven through a butcher's shop into the slaughter yard beyond. I do not say that any actual, or at any rate unnecessary, cruelty was being used, but I do say that it was a most painful sight. The animal was naturally terrified, and during its struggles I caught a piteous glance from the brown eyes, which struck and haunted me. There I stood, horror-struck, rooted to the spot, in exactly the same way as I once stood a trembling child at the cab-stable door at home. Another minute or two and the cow, urged on by shouts and blows, rushed on and the door was slammed to behind her. "To be slaughtered in an hour's time," I heard.

I went on my way, sick at heart... "in an hour's time." I found myself glancing instinctively and shudderingly

at my watch. A hideous jarring note had been struck in the harmony of the spring day, and all my enjoyment was at an end. I had to pass the same butcher's shop the following day, and there, as I had good reason to know, were the same eyes, which had looked so entreatingly at me a few hours back—now lidless, ghastly, and staring, in a gory skinless head.

This time my old scruples arose in overwhelming force, and were no longer to be silenced. "*This is the way, walk ye in it*" said the voice again in my ears. The hardly acquired unnatural stoicism which I had been gulled into believing was common sense fell from me like a cloak. Born of long wavering, rose at last the invincible resolve—Exactly within a month from the date of the scene in Queen Street, I was a pledged abstainer from flesh, and a Member of The Order of the Golden Age."

So much for my own experiences. They read simply enough—yet they represent the struggles of a soul. Now, as I move about in the world, I feel constrained to make a very earnest appeal, especially and above all, to those who are professed lovers of animals to "come up higher" in this matter, for I feel sure that they, like me, will thank God every day when they have done so.

The hardships and inconveniences of such a step are greatly exaggerated; a few difficulties may perhaps present themselves at first, but they will melt away like snow before the sun, and the seemingly narrow path, as always, will become pleasanter than the broad one where walk the majority as yet. Ridicule has hindered the Food Reform Cause, as it has countless others, but the scoffers are beginning to realize that it is no 'fad,' but is based on the soundest logic and on righteous principles. Of course, the greatest and highest reason for joining the ranks of those who practise humanity and purity in diet is that of *Mercy*. More and more, serious and humane-minded persons are beginning to ask—"Can all this holocaust of slaughter be right or necessary to provide me with daily sustenance?" It is in fact a grave moral question, which will have to be fairly and squarely faced, especially, one would think, by the spiritual leaders of the community. And it is high time the clergy asked themselves:—"Can Christ really countenance and bless the revolting work of the shambles?" "Is it possible that one who celebrated His earthly Birthday among the gentle sweet-breathed oxen can look down with approval on the dreadful wholesale massacre with which the season of Peace and Love is desecrated?" If one really thought so, would one ever enter a Church again?

And the plain truth is that the whole bloody system is frightful, and it is also true that it is absolutely unnecessary. It can all be swept away, and a whole race of men and boys into the bargain, can be freed from a sickening and degrading employment.

What refining or ennobling influences can reach a man who lives, and moves, and has his being in an environment of *blood* and slaughter?

"Oh, they are accustomed to it," some will say. Yes; one can get accustomed to anything—when the soul is dead. We are told by eye-witnesses of the work of killing done in the monstrous slaughter yards and abattoirs and packing houses of places like Chicago, and Kansas in America, and Toola in Russia, that the

scene represents an indescribable hell. The crash of the poleaxes is heard morning, noon, and night, like the rivetting of plate armour, and for every crash a noble animal falls an unconscious heap; that is to say, if it is lucky it falls, but the arms of the slaughter-men get tired and their brains dizzy with their awful work, and then the pointed pencil-like end of the poleaxe instead of striking the exact spot in the forehead bursts through nerves of the eye or the nose, causing torture too shocking to contemplate.

The very celerity of the work means recklessness on the part of those who have to do it. Witness the old miserable callous jest of the half-hour's interval between the pig and the sausage. The men stand in blood, are smirched, splashed, drenched up to the eyes (blinded sometimes), and this is their daily life. Most Christians would rather die, of course, than do their own butchering; but when they trifle with their delicate slice of meat they are responsible for the cruel deaths of a crowd of innocent victims every bit as much as the "man in blue"—blue and crimson in busy hours. Towards which of the twain might the glazing eyes turn most reproachfully, the procurer or the consumer who demands the sacrifice?

The white be-ringed hand of the refined, cultured man or woman of society toying with an entrée is, in reality, stained with blood-guiltiness every bit as much as is the hand which draws the blade across the throat of the shrieking pig, or tears the hide from the back of the fine young bullock.

To those who wish to help to hush in some way or other what *Longfellow* calls "the loud discordant wail" of the universe, I would say, "Have these mysterious suffering beings, so off-handedly termed 'the animals,' no claim on you?" Are any woes more unjustifiable, more heartrending, than are theirs? Get rid of the idea that you may go as far as the slaughter-house with them, and then turn away with eyes and ears and hearts fast closed. The hateful building may be abolished. Realize this! Rejoice in it! Away with gore and stench—moans and misery! The earth itself can supply all our physical needs, or we would put a base lie into the mouth of its Creator.

The simple natural life with its fruitarian and vegetarian fare, so possible for all, stands clean and pure, a ready-ground axe for the root of the poisonous tree of carnality. Who will be bold enough to apply it? Tough the roots may be of selfishness, superstition and habit, but they will yield at last. Much has been done, much can be done, in our own time, and the final, glorious victory is assured. It will simply mean this—the abolition of at least half of the sin and shame and pain of groaning creation. *Will you or will you not,—do your share in the fight?*

To all who are hesitating on the brink, as I did, I say—"Burst through the shackles which hinder (which are only cobwebs) and *come!* I can truly testify that a deep peace and happiness has descended to my very soul; that a stumbling-block between me and many high ideals has been removed, and that I now feel I can devote my best energies of body and soul to the Cause which I have more deeply at heart than any other in the world,—the righting of the wrongs of my dear, patient, suffering lesser brethren.

Mary Meynell.

The Way of Spiritual Ascension.

Ascension for the human species depends absolutely upon the ascension of ideas. We are always within the limit of our ideals; never beyond them.



Humanity is lifted up only as its idea of self is lifted up. The human race is the aggregate of units.

One by one the species are brought forth or incarnated. The physical man appears. The mental man appears. The moral man appears. The spiritual man will appear. The Divine man will appear.

The new world of *being*, higher and fairer than the world of *sense*, always has been, always will be. It waits for discovery. The key that unlocks the portal is God-likeness in idea. The power to step over the threshold is the feeling which accords with the idea.

How shall this feeling be gained? It must be generated. It must be cultivated, first consciously and intentionally conceiving the true idea, then by making it the standard by which all the things of sense—of the outer world—and the experiences connected with them are judged.

Our Spiritual Heredity. Heredity is a fact, it is nonsense to ignore it. It is much better to understand it and thus learn how to deal with it.

Man's heredity from God is more than his heredity from the flesh. He has but to gain knowledge of what his higher heredity is, and choose to act with it instead of with the other, to gain mastery of the fleshly heredity.

Then, seeing what we are in *being*, seeing our changeless heredity from God, whatever the appearance on the plane of *sense*, we may turn to and awaken this master who rules all through his divine sonship. We may claim our higher inheritance—health, joy, peace, holiness.

Our personality then no longer embodies merely the thought tendencies of the Adam soul. It begins to embody the higher thought tendencies of the higher soul. It begins to incarnate the Son of God.

Are you setting up the thought tendency which will cause the old heredity to disappear, and the God heredity to appear?

It is a glorious thing to know that every effort we make for ourselves is equally an effort for the whole race.

The way to the mastery of fate is prepared; all we have to do is to walk in it. And we walk in it when we see the line of destiny and follow it unswervingly. We are destined to conscious divinity. In our destiny we master our fate.

Forget the Past. Let the dead past bury its dead. By moaning over the past, by dragging that corpse into the present, you are losing

glorious possibilities. Your past acts will die their own death if you will only let them. They belong to the past; the present belongs to you.

Whatever prevents us from making the best of ourselves to-day is something to be discouraged.

Were you a rascal yesterday? Then be an honest

man to-day. There is no other way of atonement. Stop thinking how you can gratify your own desires at other people's expense, and the rascal begins to die.

Think how you can deal justly and honestly with others, even if you cannot thus have all your wishes gratified, and the honest man will begin to appear. Transformation is possible inside of twenty-four hours.

We are all pilgrim souls, journeying together in a common road that leads to a common destination. No one can afford to say "I am holier than thou." Well for us if we can say, "I have been tempted and I have conquered. Let me help you."

The Great Example. Use your thinking power knowing what you do, forming and holding to you such thoughts as are like unto your God-derived being.

Form your self-idea in accordance with the Divine idea. Make thus your own mental pattern as it is shown you in the Mount of spiritual perception, and the Creative Power will bring the living soul that wears that pattern.

Do you not see that if Jesus of Nazareth reconciled to each other His divinity and His humanity, breaking down the middle wall of partition (mortal self-consciousness, consequent upon wrong-thinking)—abolishing in his flesh the enmity between sin, sickness, and death, and true eternal being; making in Himself of twain one new Man, you can accomplish this also?

For he is the Elder Brother of our family, the common family of God's children of which we are all members. And He is "gone before" or has fulfilled his destiny, while we are still at work with our own.

As members of this one family, we possess the same powers and possibilities that He manifested. God is no respecter of persons. His substance is divided unto us equally.

But we have wasted ours in the far country of wrong feeling and thinking, consequent upon non-recognition of its nature. Jesus had perfect recognition and realization of His. As we gain these, we, too, shall work the works which prove our divinity to be master of our humanity.

The Divine incarnation has taken place. The Son of God is conceived in man. It is as yet conception only. Its gestation and birth are to come. Later it will be manifested to the world. Ursula N. Gestefeld.



True Lights.

Great Spirit, by Thy power
Instruct us, hour by hour;

Uphold, and bless,
That we the Truth may show
To others, here below,

In righteousness,
Oh guide us, lest our actions bring
Reproach upon our Holy King!

We would be used for Him
Amid Earth's shadows dim,
To point the road

To some, who have not heard
Perchance, one loving word
About our God.

Great Master, may we daily be
True lights to testify of Thee! Charlotte Murray.

The True Mission of Art.

"Two men I honour and no third," says Carlyle.

"First the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. A second man I honour, and still more highly—him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life."

Man was born to labour, and all around us surge the countless millions of busy workers, steadily toiling day after day and year after year. Our world simply rocks with eager and excited, calm and quiet, dull and plodding labour.

But comparatively few people ever give themselves time to calmly step aside from this perpetual rush of life in order to ascertain whether all this turmoil and strain is working in the right direction—whether it is, in its results, conducive either to the physical or spiritual welfare of man.

Do we men and women sufficiently realize what an immense amount of money is continually being spent upon labour that is useless, and labour that is worse than useless? Whilst the people are crying out, and the newspapers are discussing "What is wrong," and the rulers of the country are endeavouring to satisfactorily deal with the difficulties of the day, millions of pounds sterling are being paid out annually upon the upkeep of work that is not only of very doubtful value, but to a great extent absolutely harmful.

Take, for instance, the Art of the day, upon which hundreds of thousands of workers are continually employed in helping to produce the music, plays, pictures, books, etc., with which we are surrounded.

Now Science and Art are the two great roads of Human Progress. And just as Science should manifest Truth through the Intellect, by giving people right information, so Art should manifest Truth, through the Heart, by infecting people with right Feeling—which should, in turn, become right Character.

This is the Mission of Art, and it can, and should, in this way promote the highest welfare of mankind.

But is the Art of the day fulfilling this Mission? Does the Art upon which all this wealth and labour is expended contribute as it should to man's spiritual necessities? We fear not.

A large number of so-called works of Art are merely exhibitions of technical display that say nothing to us at all.

Many other works are directly evil, in that they say that which it is bad for us to hear; whilst a considerable majority of works of so-called "high" Art are indirectly evil in that they infect people with confused, complex and morbid emotions that are calculated to upset and destroy a sound mental equilibrium. Such works are the enemies of Simplicity and Truth.

When we come to look more closely into the matter it is probably not over-stating the case to say that half the plays, pictures, books, and novelettes (which constitute the most popular Art of the day) have on the whole a demoralizing influence upon mankind.



This influence is subtle, and often unperceived, and the destructive effect which it has on the minds of the people is so insidious that the source of the evil is generally quite unrecognized.

And, in modern music, such as the Symphonic Poem, the Dramatic Scena, or the latest example of erudite Chamber-music, we often have a complex intellectual weaving of sound that tends to confuse the mind rather than to implant Simple and True Ideals.

Sensationalism is the key-note which resounds through our concert-rooms, picture-galleries and theatres, whilst acrobatic feats are everywhere being crowned with laurel-wreaths and held up as examples of true Art.

But these things are not Art at all—they are a mere counterfeit of Art. Are we then, like the Puritans of old, to entirely cut Art out of our lives? God forbid—for there is indeed a "more excellent way."

Art infects people with feeling; and even as the wrong kind of Art degrades, so the right kind of Art uplifts.

When, therefore, we remember the great sums of money that are spent every year upon Art, let us resolve that this money shall be spent upon such true and simple Art as will help to uplift men's Souls, and bring mankind to the realization and practical application of those glorious Christ-like Ideals that alone can solve the difficulties with which we are surrounded.

We have heard so much of the Simple Life. We also need a Simple Art.

Not "Art for Art's sake," but "Art for God and mankind's sake" should be our war cry.

For Art was never intended to be set up as a graven image. Like all other gifts it was intended to be used as a means to an end—and not as an end in itself.

The time has arrived when we need that Artists should awake and step aside out of the strong current of the Spirit of the Age. We need Artists in every department, musicians, painters, actors and writers, who—donning the prophetic mantle—will hold up before our Souls, *through simple and easily-understood Art-forms*, the true Spiritual Ideals for which the world is thirsting even though it knows it not.

Let musicians learn to sing simple melodies that will touch men's hearts, like the Bards of old; let writers and players arouse in people's hearts the Ideals that should govern their lives; and let poets and painters join hands with these others in striving to show forth that Light of Eternity that is ever beckoning us onward and upward.

Let all Artists cease to be content with the miserable dialect of the "Zeitgeist," and remember Longfellow's lines:—

"God sent his Singers upon Earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men
And bring them back to Heaven again."

Ernest Newlandsmith.

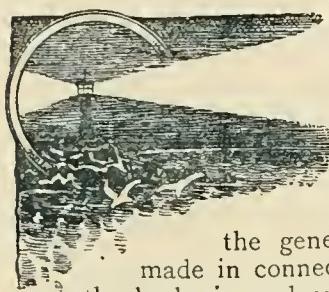
THE GROWTH OF PERCEPTION.

Every evening when the sun sets it seems as if I had never before seen a sunset to equal it. This thing has only been manifesting in a noticeable degree for a few months. And at last it came to me that the landscape was not changed, but that my ability to see was.

Helen Wilmans.

Editorial Notes.

The Report of the work of The Order of the Golden Age during 1905, which will be published early in January, records the fact that this year has been the most successful one in the existence of our Society.



Our output and sale of literature, our correspondence, the influence we have exerted, the converts that have been won and the general progress which has been made in connection with our Crusade against the barbaric and cruel customs of the Christian Nations, are such that we may fairly regard the past year as being a record one.

The Food Reform Movement throughout English-speaking countries is now a subject of interest not only to a small section of the community but to millions.

The barriers of prejudice, ignorance, and misconception which have hitherto stood in the way of the fulfilment of our great hope concerning the redemption of Christendom from its habitual wanton and cruel butchery of the sub-human races, and the desecration of the human body by making it a charnel-house receptacle for blood-stained food, are simply crumbling away.

And this great and beneficent Ideal is now no longer 'only a dream.' Its realization is a practical certainty, and there is every reason to believe that this epoch-making change of thought and custom will take place in the near future.

From all parts of this kingdom and also from every part of the world we are receiving sympathetic letters from men and women who have seen the Vision of a world emancipated from disease, cruelty, and carnality, and who want to help in the great work of ushering in the humane and spiritual Age.

Our Movement now seems to go forward irresistibly and almost by its own momentum, and those who are working for its advancement are compelled by circumstances to realize the great spiritual force which is at the back of it—shaping events, over-ruling untoward circumstances, and exercising an influence upon human minds that cannot be withstood.

Now is our time to strike hard and continuously by means of our literature, our personal advocacy, and our individual and persistent effort, for the flowing tide of public opinion is with us, and the progressive thinkers and leaders of the world are rapidly apprehending the tremendous significance of the Food Reformation and all that it means in connection with the work of human upliftment and the world's welfare and amelioration.

* * *

A most successful meeting was held on October 13th, in the Memorial Hall, London, under the auspices of the Octogenarian London Vegetarian Association. The **Reformers**. speakers on this occasion consisted entirely of octogenarian abstainers from flesh-food, and among

those who addressed the audience were Mr. C. P. Newcombe, 80; Professor Mayor, LL.D., D.D. (Senior Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge), 81; Miss Wardlow, 81; Mr. Joseph Wallace, 84; Mr. T. A. Hanson, 86; Mr. Thomas Wyles, F.R.G.S., 88; and Mr. Samuel Sanders, 91.

Mr. Newcombe in a speech of remarkable power eulogised the joys of old age when life is lived in accordance with Nature's laws and is characterized by simplicity, and referred to Thomas Parr, Madame Prieux and other vegetarians who lived for about 150 years on this planet.

Professor Mayor declared that the smallest eaters are the longest lives; an opinion which is almost unanimously held by centenarians.

Mr. Hanson made a cheerful speech, full of quaint humour, and affirmed that although he was a limping beggar with sciatica at 38, and broke a leg at 75 and two ribs at 84, he now felt able, at the age of 86, to dance a hornpipe. He regarded serenity and endurance in later life as the perquisites of vegetarians. When a flesh-eater he suffered from disordered liver, but now he hardly knew he had such an organ.

Mr. Samuel Saunders told how, after more than 60 years of non-flesh diet, he had never had a headache, was only beginning to feel old, and was even now, at 91, managing a considerable business in the West of England.

Mr. Joseph Wallace related how, when in early middle life he adopted the reformed dietary, his corpse-eating relatives declared that he was killing himself by abstaining from flesh, but now they are all dead and gone while he is still well and hearty.

Mr. Wyles made a most impressive speech, full of earnestness and power, and so interested those present that when he proposed to stop they clamoured for more.

At the close of the speeches a portrait was exhibited of a vegetarian lady of 105 years, whose appearance bore every indication of remarkable vigour, and after a graceful address from Mr. Arnold F. Hills, J.P., D.L., the Veteran President of the Vegetarian Federal Union, who has done so much to further the interests of the Food Reformation, this remarkable meeting terminated.

The heartiest congratulations are due to all concerned, for there can be no doubt that contemporary thought has been much impressed by this judicious effort to exalt the ideal of a simple, hygienic and humane life.

* * *

The Death of Lady Florence Dixie.

With sincere regret I record the passing to a higher sphere of Lady Florence Dixie, one of our truest and bravest comrades in the advocacy of humaneness, justice, and social reform. She was a remarkable woman in every way, and worthily upheld the prestige of the Douglas family. Before she was 14 she had written a volume of poems of great merit, and containing much profound thought. One of these entitled "Abel Avenged," would have been accepted without question as the work of Milton if offered to the world as being of his authorship. Another volume was ready within three years, of still greater excellence, and I was informed by Lady Florence that she had a large collection of her poetic writings which had never been published.

Soon after her marriage (at the age of 20) she explored the wilds of Patagonia. At 25 she was the War Correspondent for the *Morning Post* during the first Boer Campaign; was also famous as an explorer and huntress. But soon after this time, like Saint Hubert, she saw the Vision of the sacredness of life and of universal brotherhood, and becoming impressed with the cruelties connected with the hunting-field and the flesh-traffic, she forswore blood sports and blood-stained food and became one of the most courageous and devoted champions of the rights of women, of oppressed native races, and of persecuted and tormented animals.

The many encouraging letters which I received from this brave worker and my knowledge of the immense influence which she wielded by her pen and her life, make me realize how great a loss has been sustained by her death. But I feel sure that, as in the case of other warrior souls, who with prophetic vision and consecrated effort have fought on this Earth for truth and righteousness, her holy endeavour will still be continued and with fuller knowledge and fewer limitations.

The Abolition of War. The award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Baroness Bertha Von Suttner, gives one another opportunity for once more inviting the public to consider the horrors of War,

and the need which exists that all philanthropists should persistently endeavour to bring about its abolition. The following descriptive paragraphs from this book, which is said to have had much influence with the Czar, are sufficient to make every sane person into a peace-maker, but there will be no need for me to exhort the Members of our Order, as they are all pledged to do what lies in their power to promote "Peace on Earth and Good-will amongst men."

"The wheels of the ponderous gun-carriage are sunk up to the hub in the thick mire. The horses, upon whose steaming bodies the cruel rifle blows are raining mercilessly, strain every sinew, yet can make no progress."

"With a cry of agony long drawn out and heart-breaking to hear, one of the poor beasts sinks to the ground. . . The artilleryman, mad, with anger, leaps from his seat, and with his heavy boots literally kicks the life out of the groaning horse."

"At the foot of an image of the Virgin a Prussian dragoon, strong as a Goliath, drags one of our officers—a handsome, aristocratic lieutenant—from the saddle, and with one blow with the butt-end of his rifle smashes his skull."

"To right and left of me, gory mounds of corpses, the faces of many of the dead still retaining the traces of terrible agony. Wide staring eyes, hands half-buried into the sodden earth, teeth tightly clenched under distorted lips, with stiff bent knees they lie heaped together in ghastly masses, and here and there an even more horrible sight still—the moving arms and heads and faces of the living rendered unrecognisable with wounds."

The Fruit Industry. The Exhibition of Colonial Fruit held by the Royal Horticultural Society was calculated to create bright anticipations concerning the possible luxuries that may be within our reach in the course of a few years.

Amongst the comparatively unknown fruits that were exhibited may be mentioned the Wild Rose, Mammee, and evergreen British Columbian Apples, small Mauve Pears, Job's Tears, Granadillas, Shaddocks, Giant Oranges, Gooenor Plums, Guavas, Paw-Paws, claret Bananas, Butter-Nuts, Chinese Cucumbers, Ackies, Christophines, Mandarins and Yams.

A few years ago Bananas were a novelty, whereas now they are reaching this country in countless millions.

Let us hope that in a short time we shall be able to help ourselves, at moderate prices, to the above-mentioned edibles, so that still further inducements may be given to the populace of these islands to adopt the fruitarian regime.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Eustace Miles has founded a Restaurant Company with a capital of £10,000, the object of which is to establish in London and Manchester, Hygienic Restaurants at which scientific and up-to-date fleshless food will be supplied to the health-seeking public.

Lady Henry Somerset, Dr. Lunn, and Mr. F. Benson are amongst the Directors; and I notice with satisfaction that many of the dishes for which recipes are given in my Comprehensive Guide Book, are to be supplied at these establishments (amongst which may be mentioned Mock Fish Patties, Mock Chicken Cutlets, Nuttose and Red Currant Jelly, and Ragout of Chestnuts.)

I hope that all our readers will flock to these Restaurants when they are opened, and also do all that lies in their power to make them known and to ensure their success.

The Mystic Bible. A lucid and instructive booklet which was written some years ago by Mr. Edward Maitland, entitled "The Bible's own Account of Itself," in order to meet, by a form of argument that is impregnable, certain agnostic attacks upon the scriptures, is being republished by the Ruskin Press, Birmingham, at the modest price of sixpence. It is edited by Mr. Samuel Hopgood Hart, and will be welcomed by many who desire to apprehend more fully the significance of the Bible from the esoteric standpoint.

Mr. Maitland and his gifted co-worker, Dr. Anna Kingsford, gave the world in their "New Gospel of Interpretation" and "The Perfect Way" clear revelations of Christian truth that were of great importance. But unfortunately their teachings have, since their first appearance in 1881, been often paraphrased and plagiarised by would-be prophets who are desirous of wearing the prophetic mantle without possessing true prophetic insight.

Much of the transcendental teaching of the New Thought Movement in America is based upon their writings, but, as always takes place in such cases, accretions have been added to their message by disciples possessing more fertile imagination than profound judgment.

Village Life in India. A most instructive and interesting book concerning India and the life of its people has just been published by one of our members, Mr. A. C. Newcombe, entitled, "Village, Town and Jungle Life in India" (see page 22).

During 17 years of residence in various parts of the principality as a civil engineer, our comrade went about with observant eyes and a thoughtful mind, and he saw many things and had many experiences, and they are well worth reading about.

I could fill many columns with quaint descriptions of the natives and their peculiar ways; with evidence concerning the physical and mental superiority of the races which live upon natural fleshless food as

compared with those who are flesh-eaters; with revelations concerning the manner in which Europeans are slowly but steadily poisoned by eating flesh that is rapidly decomposing in this hot climate; how tins of meat that are positively bulging because of the putrefactive changes that are taking place within, are sold or given to native servants, who in turn sell them to native dealers in bazaars, who again sell them to other native cooks (employed by Europeans), who serve up the contents after abundant spicing and the addition of curry powder, and how the ultimate consumers become afflicted with various illnesses and then attribute their ailments to the effect of the climate or the mysterious dispensations of Providence. Every page is interesting, and the perusal of this volume enables one to understand what a tremendous task our Government has on hand in dealing with so many different tribes and races of variously constituted individuals, with peculiar and conservative tendencies, and in legislating for their general welfare under extremely adverse climatic and other conditions.



**Brother
Pain and
His Crown.**

The address, of which the article bearing this title forms a portion, was delivered by my colleague, Dr. Oldfield at the Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital, Bromley, at a Sunday evening Ward Service. The complete text, with the addition of another helpful address entitled "Sister Drudgery and her Roses," is being published in attractive book form for the purpose of raising funds to build a small Chapel for the use of the Hospital Patients, and the Author referring to this fact in his preface says:—

"It seemed appropriate that the book should go out on behalf of this Hospital where no animals are tortured and no flesh is eaten, and where there are no servants, but where nurses and doctors and patients alike take their share in the common work of the community, and where hard work, well done, is the only badge of superior merit."

I hope many of our readers will show their sympathy with the beneficent work that is being done at this Institution by my colleague and his devoted co-workers, and that they will send for copies of this book to give to friends, or to lend to those who are sick or over-burdened. It can be obtained from our Book Department, price 2s net (post free).

A Reception will be held at the Hospital on Jan. 13th, by Lady Margaret Campbell. And on March 10th, the Annual Meeting will take place, at which Lady Margaret Rutherford and the Marchioness of Downshire are announced to speak.

Members of the O.G.A. are specially invited by the Council of the Hospital, to be present, and tickets will be forwarded upon application.



**Vegetarian
Athletes in
Ireland.** I am glad to see that an Irish Vegetarian Athletic Club has been formed with a view to demonstrating to our friends in the Emerald Isle the fact that athletes who live upon fruitarian and bloodless food can more than hold their own against those who are fed on flesh. This fact has already been demonstrated in England and elsewhere, and I trust that our Irish comrades will be able to emulate the deeds of the Members of the English Vegetarian Cycling and Athletic Club, and even to eclipse them. Mr. A. Gordon Palmer,

of Ranelagh, is the Captain of the Club, and every vegetarian athlete in Ireland can join by writing to the Hon. Secretary, 5, Belgrave Place, Rathmines, Co. Dublin.



Some most encouraging utterances were made in his Parish Magazine by **The Church and Reform.** the Rev. A. M. Mitchell, M.A. (vicar of St. Michael's, Burton Wood, Lancs.),

and I am glad to record that many Clergymen and Ministers in all parts of this country are now beginning to exalt before the eyes of their congregations a practical form of righteousness which includes simplicity of life, obedience to God's hygienic and physical laws, and the manifestation of a Christian spirit of kindness and mercy to the sub-human races. My esteemed colleague writes as follows:—

"The Simple Life bids fair to become fashionable. May it endure longer than fashionable things are wont to do!"

A most encouraging sign in the ranks of the sane-minded is the steady growing desire to resort to a more simple diet. The more natural the diet the more simple it is bound to be. Cooking is necessary, yet it will be found that there is a great deal of unnecessary cooking. Simple, natural diet is the means of deliverance from Kitchen Slavery.

Food Reform is one of the few Reforms making substantial headway at this time. The future—the near future—is undoubtedly with the Food Reformer. He is the pioneer of Health, Happiness, and Longevity. He only is the true Temperance Advocate, abolishing the disease of intemperance, eradicating the desire for Alcohol.

Through the Food Reformer this country will drive away from its shores some of its civilized barbarisms and crowning sins. Give the Food Reformer a fair chance and before the 20th Century has half run its course the sickening horrors of the cross Channel cattle boat will be no more, reeking shambles and slaughter houses will be swept away, and the disgusting butchers' stalls will know their place no more!

The age-long delusion that without shedding of blood, human life is not worth living; and that feasting on the flesh of beasts, of birds, and fishes is absolutely necessary to strength of limb, to physical health and power, and to vigour of mind, has been, as in a moment, exposed in the most unexpected of all ways—through the agency of war. The plucky Japs have not only gained the victory in their conflict with the Russians, they have conquered a carnivorous eating Christendom. The victorious career of Japan has done more to teach Christendom Christian Ethics than the Churches have done for ages past. These people who live so simply, naturally, and sparingly, who eschew flesh meat, and abhor alcohol, are, we may be sure, God-raised, and destined to exercise a powerful influence for good over the European Nations.



**Signs of
Vitality.** Amongst the many indications which are to hand that the Members of our Order are putting forth earnest endeavour to exalt our humane ideals, in the various localities in which they reside, I may mention the prospectus of a new Food-Reform Circle in the town of Derby, which has been established by Miss Mary Meynell, and the Secretary of which is Mr. William Bradley, 48, Walbrook Road. Some enterprising work is being done in connection with this effort, and it is to be hoped that much furtherance of our Cause will result.

Mr. H. T. Hamblin has been giving a series of Lectures in London which have been well attended and very successful, and a considerable number of addresses have been delivered in various parts of this kingdom and other countries by those who are working under our banner.

I am also glad to notice an increasing disposition on the part of our Members to write to the newspapers, for this means of propaganda is most effective and reaches very large audiences. The press cuttings which are sent to me reveal a largely increased amount of activity in this direction, and I hope that all our friends and com-

rades who can use their pens in advocacy of humaneness and reform, will do so upon every opportunity—and that those who have not yet acquired the art of using this weapon will forthwith commence to do so.

A Local Circle in connection with the ideals of the O.G.A. might be started in every town, and I would earnestly invite those who can see their way to do so, to become pioneers by seeking to gather round them a few friends who will unite in consecrated effort. And I trust that all our friends will help to circulate widely and make generally known the educative literature which is sent forth from our publishing offices.

* * *

Our Propaganda Fund. The following list of Donations for the maintenance of our humane and educative work and the gratuitous distribution of our literature to Public Institutions in all parts of the world, have been received since our last issue, exclusive of amounts sent as subscriptions to this Journal and in payment for literature.

But I regret to say that our Exchequer is still overdrawn to the extent of over two hundred pounds, and consequently our endeavour is restricted. Nevertheless, we remember the promise "According to your faith"—and we go forward without doubt or fear.

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To all these friends the Council tender their sincere thanks.

* * *

Our Publication Work. Our sale and distribution of literature is now so large that our Official Staff is kept very busy—in fact we could find ample employment for several additional workers if volunteers were forthcoming. But in consequence of our Exchequer being much overdrawn we cannot increase our expenditure for salaried assistance.

During the past year about 10,000 copies of "The Testimony of Science" have been sent forth, and another edition of that number is now being printed.

A new, enlarged and much improved edition of 10,000 copies of my "Comprehensive Guide Book" has just been printed, and I want our Members and friends to help to get them all sold during 1906. The profit arising from such sale, which, as in the case of previous editions, I am devoting to the O.G.A. work, will help to meet the heavy expenditure of our missionary propaganda.

The book contains many new and valuable recipes (including several Italian dishes) and is better printed and bound. It ought to be published at a much higher price, but our object is to command a large and rapid sale, and the book is calculated to make converts to the Humane Diet Ideal wherever it is sent. If all our members would stock a dozen copies and sell them to friends for the good of the Cause, such practical co-operation would produce great results.

New editions are also being issued of "A Tale of Shame" (5,000), and "How to Solve the Drink Problem" (5,000); and, in addition, about 20,000 pamphlets are being prepared.

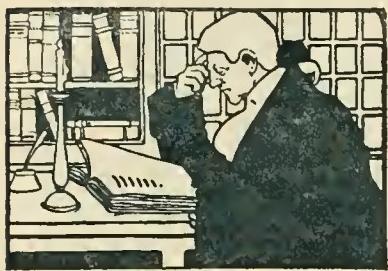
A new artistic gift book "Brother Pain and His Crown" by Dr. Oldfield, (price sixpence) will shortly be ready, and also 10,000 copies of a booklet "Is Flesh-Eating sanctioned by Divine Authority" by Sir W. E. Cooper, C.I.E. (price 3d.)

Letters are continuously coming to hand from influential leaders of thought and others who have been led to join the Humane Diet Movement through reading our literature; and I only wish we were in a position to print and circulate twenty times the number of books and pamphlets, and of copies of this Magazine.

Is Meat-Eating sanctioned by Divine Authority.

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is a fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

To those who are seriously desirous of solving the "Food" question, these words will appeal with singular force. There



upon the earth, the fruits of the earth only are given to us for meat.

This is the plain command of the Creator. We are to eat of every herb and of the fruits of the trees, but we are not commanded to eat of the flesh of animals or of fish; the vegetable kingdom is expressly reserved and set apart for man's food, and this is a fact that cannot be set aside or controverted.

The eating of flesh by man, however, may be traced back to the remotest periods of history. In the eighth chapter of Genesis we hear of Noah offering burnt offerings to the Lord "of every clean beast and of every clean fowl," and it may be inferred from this that the practice of taking the lives of certain beasts and certain fowls had existed some time previous to his period. It may also be presumed that since man had resorted to the practice of taking the lives of animals, it was with the object of providing himself with food.

But it is by no means certain that, because man ate of the flesh of animals, and offered it as burnt offerings to the Lord, the Creator necessarily *approved* of the practice.

Noah was one of the few survivors of a race that had been destroyed *because of its sins*, and it is conceivable that to take the lives of God's creatures and eat their flesh as meat was among the sins which were an abomination to the Lord, and which caused Him to destroy the human race.

We need hardly go back to Noah's days to realize that many false sacrifices, dedications and offerings are made to the Lord, which must be an abomination to Him; many an act and deed done in the name of Religion which is an outrage to His Holiness; much shedding of human blood and offering up even of human lives in the cruellest manner in the name of Christ.

For nigh two thousand years frightful tortures have been inflicted by man on his fellows; poor humanity has been persecuted, hunted, imprisoned and slain with relentless cruelty and cold-blooded ferocity; and since the Redeemer walked the earth, man has succeeded in deluging the centuries with oceans of innocent blood poured out in His Holy Name. In comparatively modern times the terrible Inquisition swallowed up its countless thousands, and even in our

own country, the prison, the faggot and the block have claimed their unoffending and helpless victims.

Noah, then, being human, was liable to human weakness, to the evil influence of inherited sin; to wrong conceptions of what was due to the Lord; to perverted ideas of the nature of true service, or of sacrifices that would be acceptable to Him.

Noah in common with his race, had been in the habit, probably, of killing certain "clean" animals for food, and as this form of food seemed good in his sight, he considered it his duty to make sacrificial offerings of it to the Lord. It does not, however, follow that Noah was right in his logic! It was contrary to the Creator's command to use the flesh of animals for food, and it is presumed that Noah must have been aware of this; yet, because it had been his custom to do so, he saw no harm in offering it sacrificially to the very Being who had expressly set apart the fruits of the earth for man's meat.

To satisfy the lusts of the flesh and pander to that sensual egotism which was as common in Noah's time as it is to-day, the express commands of God were set aside and considered of no particular moment in the economy of life.

It seems clear then that Noah sinned the sins of his forefathers, in this respect at least. And it appears equally clear that subsequent generations right through Biblical history simply followed Noah's example.

Many of the religious teachers mentioned in the Bible who "stood up for the Lord" were essentially human, and endowed with human tastes and weaknesses. They found the practice of eating animal flesh common among all peoples when they were born into the world, and they simply accepted it just as it stood. They were but *men*, and were liable to finite man's errors when he comes to interpret God's laws and commands.

They had forgotten that God cannot err, is not liable to mistakes; does not constantly change His mind as man does!

They had forgotten that, when God created this world in which we live, He made no mistakes and left nothing forgotten. And that among other things He made man and appointed certain of His creations for man's food.

God placed the entire vegetable kingdom at man's disposal, so that he might eat and be satisfied. But this did not satisfy him; he lusted after other meats, and in obtaining them he disobeyed one of the Creator's commands, and all the sophistry that man can bring in support of other interpretations of this plain command cannot alter the facts.

It would, however, certainly appear that in many of the books of the Bible there are passages that might lead one to suppose God approved of the practice. But if we continue to look into the Scriptures for further evidence on the subject, we shall soon find references of a totally different character, and a little study of the question will make it clearly manifest that there is a steady progressive development of thought in this respect running through the Old Testament.

In endeavouring to arrive at the truth behind seeming inconsistency, we must remember that the variableness lies not in the Will of God in the matter, but in *man's interpretation of it*. It is impossible that God's law of right and wrong in this respect, as in any other, could have ever changed.

Believing then as we do in the immutability of God's word, is it not incredible to suppose that this Omniscient Being, when planning out His marvellous scheme of creation, should have created man a frugivorous creature and have commanded him accordingly to eat of the fruits of the earth, and a few years later have changed His mind?

Surely this is not the plan upon which God works; surely He knows what He is about; and His word is more firmly established than the stars. To admit that the Supreme Being changed His mind is to invest Him with the attributes of man; erring, weak, changeable man; and as we naturally shrink from such a position, we must seek for another solution of the difficulty.

It seems that an explanation of the seeming inconsistency is offered in the fact that Jewish historians have always regarded their Jehovah as a Personal God; and once we clothe the Creator with personal attributes, we make Him subject to human weaknesses. Such a conception of God may well lead the mind into all sorts of errors, and it certainly appears that, as the whole of the old Jewish writers regarded Jehovah as a Personal Being, and moreover as a God possessed of the same passions and attributes as man, they found it easy enough to believe that, as He was given to anger, jealousy, repentance and such like weaknesses, He might conceivably change His mind occasionally.

In other words, God was measured by human standards, and man utterly failed to appreciate Him; failed to arrive at a just estimate of His immeasurable greatness, of the awful magnitude of His might, majesty, and power; and of the profundity of His unchangeableness.

At the very earliest period of Israelitish History we find the people following the instincts of all semi-savage races by shedding the blood of animals and offering their bodies as sacrifices to appease the Being they worshipped, and it is conceivable that the rulers of Israel, in codifying the customs into some intelligible shape to meet the requirements of the times, only followed these instincts in giving to the people that wonderful code of laws which is to be found in the books of Numbers and Leviticus; instincts, however, which completely harmonized with their own tastes and inclinations in the matter.

Further on, as the people became more enlightened, we find less attention paid to the rigid ordinances laid down by ancient law-givers. In Psalm li, 17-19, written by David about 1034 B.C., we find the following passage:—

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

Still later, about 760 B.C., we find the following reference to the subject in Isaiah i, 11-14:—

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats."

"When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts?"

Such scriptures clearly show that, not only had the people no divine authority to offer these burnt offerings and sacrifices, but they were actually an abomination to the Lord. The Lord God of Israel is here asking by what authority these abominations were offered to Him; and it is clear that this must have had a potent effect on the Israelitish priesthood in checking these bloody sacrifices, as it will be seen from this time

onwards that the cruel practice gradually recedes into the background, and finally disappears with the advent of the Redeemer. So much, at least, may be said as to the practice of using animal flesh by way of sacrifice.

The first chapter of Genesis perhaps stands alone among the many beautiful chapters of the Bible. It is not a biography of man, as is practically the rest of the Old Testament. It is an unknown record of God's creation, accepted as true by the Jewish peoples and by the Christian nations.

The remainder of the Old Testament stands out in sharp contrast to this. It is a strange blending of God and man; on the one hand we have God as a Personal Being striving, struggling for the mastery of man's soul; pleading, beseeching man to be true to Him and not to depart from one who had been so good and merciful to him; and then threatening, cursing and punishing him; and on the other, a record of man's base ingratitude to his Creator, and of his vices, iniquities and crimes; and, alas! there is but little said of his virtues.

Bearing in mind the character of the race depicted in the historical books of the Old Testament, we may well be pardoned if we accept with many doubts the views held in those times in regard to the killing of God's creatures and using their flesh as human food; and it is perfectly clear that no justification whatever can be found in these books for the practice of meat-eating, but that the evidence is rather the other way, tending to show, on the whole, divine disapprobation of the habit.

But in turning to the Gospels of the New Testament, we have a new set of conditions to deal with, inasmuch as the interest at once centres round the acts and teachings of the supremely inspired Son of God, and pretexts in favour of the consumption of animal food are at once sought for and found in the examples supposed to be set by Christ Himself. The marriage feast in Cana of Galilee; feeding the multitude with loaves and fishes; and the partaking of the broiled fish and the honeycomb after His Resurrection, are all quoted as divine examples in favour of meat-eating; but let us examine the matter somewhat closely before we make up our minds one way or the other.

When the Saviour came among us, He came with no earthly pomp and circumstance. He took upon Himself man's estate, man's methods, habits and customs, including his ways of eating and drinking. It does not, however, follow that, because the Lord became man for our sake, He necessarily *approved* of all man's habits and modes of life. As a matter of fact, in the four books of the New Testament that record the life and works of the Saviour, and lay bare to some extent the simplicity and frugality of His domestic life, there is really no *direct* evidence in proof of His ever having partaken of animal food; no evidence of a nature, let us say, that would be accepted as conclusive in any human court of justice of to-day.

The most that can be required of us is to admit, for the sake of argument, that there is evidence, by implication only, that Christ may possibly have sometimes partaken of animal food. But as evidence of this nature is of a *negative* rather than a *positive* character, nothing can be proved by it.

We find in St. Matthew xi, 19, that His enemies accused Him of being "a man glutinous and a wine-bibber." In St. Mark ii, 15, that He "sat at meat with publicans and sinners" (the word here translated "meat" in the original refers to *food*, not *flesh*; the 'meat

offering' of the Hebrews was one of corn and oil); while all the books of the Gospels refer to His feeding the multitude with loaves and fishes.

But the most that this discloses is the fact that He, to whom all things were possible, did not despise human habits, or human means of relieving hunger; nor did He hold aloof from them.

We must also remember that fish was probably an absolute necessity for the crowded population of Palestine at that time. And the taking of net-caught fish does not involve bloodshed and cruelty that is needless; therefore the consumption of this type of food is a very different act to the eating of the flesh of warm-blooded animals, whether considered from the ethical or the hygienic standpoint.

It is indeed conceivable that, conscious as we know He was of His divine origin, He must have experienced many things in His brief human existence that were repugnant to Him; suffered many a thing that caused Him bitter pain and deep humiliation, yet he gave no sign.

Not the least among those afflictions were those which the God-Man found in the daily routine of human life.

It is distinctly recorded by the early Fathers of the Church that several of the Apostles were total abstainers from flesh-food, and it is more than probable that they were following the exalted example of their Master.

Looking at the subject from this standpoint, it would seem that the argument in favour of flesh-eating has little to gain by any reference to the records of the life of Christ, and His attitude in the matter.

Two of the commonest reasons given in favour of meat-eating are:

1. That if God did not intend man to eat of the flesh of animals, He would not have given them to us.
2. That man's teeth are evidently intended for the eating of animal food; and if they were not given to us for that purpose, why are we provided with them?

In regard to the first point, there is, no doubt, widespread misconception on the question. It is believed by most people, who will *not* think for themselves, that all animals whose flesh is considered what is popularly termed "good to eat" were really *given* to us by God for food. If for humane considerations it be suggested by some one that they should abstain from the use of animal food, the answer comes promptly, "Why should I? It was given to us for food, and why shouldn't I eat beef or mutton, or anything else I like?"

Then we frequently hear it contended that what we call the domestic animals "belong to man"; they are his property; he breeds, rears, feeds them; and if he kills such of them as are "good for human food," he has a perfect right to do so; they belong to him as rightfully as do his lands and house, and other goods and chattels, and he can therefore do what he likes with them.

Let us take the first of these reasons, viz., that certain animals were *given* to us for food. Now if there is a gift there must be a giver. The gift is the effect, the giver the cause. Who was the giver; and when, how and where, and upon whom was the gift bestowed?

We have seen that there is nothing in the Old Testament to prove that the Almighty God created

any of the animals for man's food, but that on the contrary he was expressly enjoined to eat of the fruits of the earth; and to have, at the same time, *dominion* over the rest of the animal creation. Let us, however, pause a moment and consider what was meant by *dominion*. Did the Creator mean that dominion over "every living thing that moveth upon the earth" gave man the right to slaughter His creatures for food? Hardly that, or reference would have been made to it in the next verse:—

"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

After so plain a command, the only interpretation that dominion might bear is its literal meaning—*lordship, power!*

God created other beings besides man, and as many of them were physically stronger than man himself, it was necessary that he should be protected against them, and have dominion over them; but it was evidently not the dominion of brute strength that was planned by the Creator, but the superior power of moral and spiritual force.

God put into man's hands no puny human weapons of offence and defence, but armed him with that mighty controlling force which is not well-known among us to-day, alas! We have lost the power, but in those far-away days when "man walked with God" it was different.

Perfect man and perfect woman were God's first human creations; living souls endowed with perhaps divine attributes, and invested with such spiritual power as would ensure to them complete dominion over "every living thing that moveth upon the earth"; and it was in this sense that man was given dominion over God's creatures.

Briefly, there is absolutely no evidence to show that the practice of killing certain animals for food purposes is anything more than a man-made practice that was born of human cravings and fed by man's insatiable appetite.

In the old, old days, when the fathers of the human race walked the earth as primitive men, they found that the flesh of some of the animals was good, and they slew them as we do to-day without let or hindrance. They were not troubled in those days by such questions as "Meum and Tuum," ethics and religion, right and wrong; nor were they swayed by such sentimental reasons as humane considerations, mercy, compassion, and the rest of it.

The nomadic life of the Israelites under Moses rendered the cultivation of vegetables, as we know it to-day, an impossibility. Sheep, goats, and oxen were plentiful; they carried their flocks and herds with them; here was convenient form of food; and as there was no other available, these animals necessarily formed the staple food of the people. The only thing Moses and the rulers of Israel could do was to curb, as far as it was wise and politic to do so, the lusts and appetites of the people; and their efforts in this direction found expression in the elaborate system of laws and regulations found in the Pentateuch.

But the domestic animals were no more *given* to these ancient peoples in those far-away times than they are given to us in these days. The practice of eating animal food was initiated by man probably at a time when the

economic conditions under which he lived were excessively hard. Food was scarce and the grossest ignorance prevailed as to the highly nutritive value of many vegetable products which no doubt existed then as now. If man under such conditions, therefore, took such means of subsistence as were ready to hand, there are certainly many excuses for him; indeed he had no choice in the matter; it was animal food or starvation; and the common law of self-preservation dictated which alternative to take.

In considering the contention that "domestic animals being the property of the owners man has a perfect right to kill them and use their flesh as food," we should bear in mind one or two points. When we speak of rights, we should not forget that there are rights of many kinds. There are legal and moral rights, rights in equity and in law, just rights and unjust rights, the right of might, right of dominion and power, and so on *ad infinitum*. By which of these rights is the question we are considering to be decided.

If we attempt to settle it on the ground that these animals are ours by the legal right of inheritance, the analytical mind of an able lawyer would at once look into our title and trace it back and back till he came to those far-off days when our ancestors took their animals by right of might, and although he would admit that custom has established a right, he would at the same time tell us that our title was faulty inasmuch as our ancestors obtained their possessions by force.

Let us draw a parallel between this case and that of many of the great families of our own country, or, for that matter, of any country in Europe. The landed possessions of many of these great ones of the earth are vast and yield great revenues. They are firmly established in them, and the law of the country recognises their proprietorship. Nobody to-day bothers himself about the equity of their titles; the land is theirs; it has descended for generations from heir to heir, and that is enough.

But trace back the history of some of these lords of the earth; go back generation by generation; back to those days when strife was rife, and breast-plate and morion, sword and spear, were important factors in the formation of family estates and the upbuilding of family names.

Go back to those "good old days" when "barons held their sway" and serfdom was the portion of the people; to those fine old times when the strong hand took what it wanted and held what it took; when kings confiscated the estates of those who opposed them, and distributed them with lavish hand among courtiers and flatterers; gave away with unstinted generosity that which was not theirs to give, and enriched those who had no right to receive, save the right which might gives.

You shall find that had not time sanctioned the title it would have been found of so faulty a nature that no court of justice of to-day would uphold it. And you would realize in this case, as in the other, that many an owner of inherited estates has no more equitable, just, moral right to his property than has the man who claims the right of taking the lives of living creatures.

The right of possession, the right of *might*—both being legalised by man-made laws and by custom—are his; but man's laws are not God's laws, and although

man finds it easy enough to justify himself before earthly judges, his conscience must tell him that he cannot and will not be able to offer justification before that High Tribunal which takes no cognizance of such human laws as are not framed in justice and equity, and administered in mercy and compassion.

In considering the second point, that "the human teeth are evidently intended for flesh food," we should not too readily accept all that people say in this world. Many an apologist for meat-eating will be found to defend the practice on the grounds of man's teeth being those of the carnivora; whereas, as a matter of fact they are nothing of the kind. One writer says:

"The physical structure of man is declared by our most eminent biologists to reveal the indisputable fact that he is at the present day, as he was thousands of years ago, naturally a frugivorous (fruit-eating) animal . . . The accepted scientific classification places man with the anthropoid apes, at the head of the highest order of mammals. These animals bear the closest resemblance to human beings, their teeth and internal organs being practically identical with those of man, and in a natural state they subsist almost entirely upon nuts, seeds, and fruit."

There is, besides this testimony, overwhelming scientific evidence forthcoming of man being of the frugivorous order of mammals (see "The Testimony of Science in favour of Natural and Humane Diet," published by The Order of the Golden Age), and if those who follow the practice of partaking of flesh food, because they believe they belong to the carnivorous order, will not look into the question for themselves, then they must bear the charge of deliberately shutting their eyes to facts.

Man is *not* of the order of carnivorous animals, and no amount of sophistical jugglery can prove him to be so. He is declared by the most eminent authorities to be of the frugivorous order, and if, after science has spoken, man persists in his carnivorous practices, he will do so because he lusts after the flesh of God's inoffensive creatures, and not because he believes he was intended by his Creator to be a meat-eater.

William E. Cooper.

This article, with many additions, can be supplied in the form of an artistic booklet.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The truly Simple Life is when we obey Nature, and do not defy her laws.

Nature bids us rise with the lark, and go to rest when night steals across her form.

Nature bids us drink only when thirsty, and of water pure; while to eat when hunger calls for food is her only legitimate meal-time.

Nature clothes us in scant attire; so we should dress as simply and akin to the human form as possible, eschewing the hideous tyrannies of attire which disfigure men and women, and which deprive them of freedom.

If we obey Nature we must cast aside the shams and mockeries of conventionality, be it in dress, food, religion, or customs. Those who are slaves to these shrink from doing so, for these false gods are their deities.

We know that many of our customs are horrible. Many of our laws, likewise, are disgraceful, and our morals, immoralities. Yet Society and Co. cling to all, and bolster up the false and the unreal, and worship both because it suits their purpose to do so.

When we learn to face the truth and live up to it, the Simpler Life will come.

Lady Florence Dixie.

A World Religion.

In no direction is the constant upward trend of the working of the great law of evolution more noticeable than in religion. And in matters religious we are now in the midst of a tremendous upheaval. It is a period of transition, and the change will be responsible for the uprooting of many time-honoured beliefs, which are, in other words, ancient prejudices, and for the dispersion of numerous separative elements which now tend to make religion an obstacle rather than an aid to spiritual progress—something which draws apart rather than which binds together.

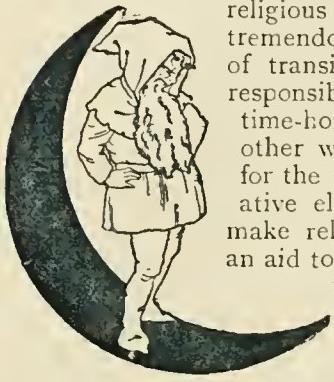
Reading the signs of the times, it does not take one long to discover that, the world over, good and thoughtful men of all the great religions, and the various sections of those religions, are concentrating their efforts on discovering what they hold of the Truth in common with others, and they are working towards a unification of their religious beliefs with those held by their brothers.

It is a good omen this, and one which augurs well for the people of the Twentieth Century, for it is the nucleus of a world religion, a religion which shall appeal to humanity the world over, irrespective of creed, caste and colour, and which shall strive to draw all men together into a common Brotherhood, binding them with bonds of love, holding them fast in chains of sympathy and kindness, teaching them to do unto others as they would be done by, and heralding the dawn of a day when, from Pole to Pole, Love shall hold sway, and Man, his lower nature conquered, shall live at peace with his fellow-man, shall work for the benefit of the whole, shall seek advancement towards the higher and the perfect life and shall ever endeavour to lead others along the road which leads to life eternal.

Religion is a great factor in evolution. It is not too much to say that it is the greatest factor, though its influence, like still waters which run deeply, may not be perceived by those who merely scan the surface.

It has been written that if you would know a people—a nation—you must turn to the religion of that nation or that people, and therein you shall read them, and your reading shall not be far wrong. As we learn of the rise and fall of a religion, we know that we are following the birth and death of a nation, and as we trace the changes which lead to the purification and ennoblement of a religion, we feel that we are dealing with the advancement of a people. For different peoples have sprung up different religions, especially adapted to their wants, and thus at the present time we have many great religious systems, and a number of lesser ones, all supplying the craving inherent in man to draw nearer to the Fount of all things, to learn whence all is and to what all shall return, and to rise on stepping-stones of his dead selves to higher things.

But though the systems have differed, and they differ still, in its essentials the religious teaching is the same. Liken the Truth to a ray of pure, white light, pour forth that light through parti-coloured glasses and you have the



same white light, but it is now seen in many different aspects. So it is with pure religion. That, in itself, does not differ, but notwithstanding, it may be presented in many different aspects to different peoples.

Just as the clothes by no means make the man, so that a Mohammedan clothed in European garb is still a Mohammedan, whilst a European in Oriental costume is still a European, so religion, standing for the Truth, is always the same, although clothed in various garments. It is the ignorance of men which has led them to put one aspect of religion against another, and to fail in perceiving the similitude of the whole, and so, unfortunately, we have that fierce religious hatred which exists to-day, though, happily, less fierce than of yore, and which tends to the opposite of religion—separateness, as opposed to unity.

Nothing is without a purpose; of that we may be sure. All laws flow from the one never-failing source of wisdom and goodness, and therefore we know that this separateness, as the result of diverse religious systems, has played an essential part in the evolution of the human race in the past. But progress has been made, humanity has advanced, and that which is needed to-day is a 'world religion,' or the one great aspect of the Truth revealed in the light of purity, that all men may know it and strive thereafter, each helping the other to accomplish that regeneration which all must individually effect.

And this 'world religion' which the thinkers proclaim, and which is gaining strength day by day—according as men perceive the futility of postulating this religion or that as the only true one, Christianity, Islam, Buddhism or Hinduism as the one road leading to the higher life—is one full of hope to the weary and oppressed, to those long down-trodden and weighted with burdens so grievous that they stagger under the load.

It means that creed and dogma, and with them superstition and religious tyranny, will melt away before that mellow radiance which emanates from the universal Truth, and that Man, knowing his fellow-man as a brother, will no longer arrogantly exclaim: "I am a better man than this man, I am a European, he is an Asiatic," or "I am a Christian, he is a Mussulman," but rather will he seek to disseminate knowledge, to scatter seeds of kindness, for the reaping thereof of a rich harvest in the future, and to render help and sympathy to all with whom he is brought into contact.

There will be a revival of study, deep and earnest, of the books of ancient wisdom, or, as it should be rendered, the wisdom of those giants of intellect amongst the ancients, coupled with a diligent search into the workings of Nature, and not on the physical plane alone, but on the higher planes of emotion, intellect and spirituality, whose mysterious borders have already been crossed and with whose marvels the pioneers of the race are daily becoming more and more acquainted.

The Christian Bible, "El Koran," the Upanishads of the Hindus, the Dhammapada of the Buddhists, the Zend Avesta of the Parsees, and works pertaining to other great religions will be turned to with fervour, and the priceless jewels their pages contain will not be dimmed by comparison the one with the other, but rather will their lustre be increased, their splendour being, in turn, reflected.

Truly will it be found that there is but one God—one Causeless Cause, the Noumenon at the back of

all phenomena—and that His laws are invariably those of harmony, which is unity, towards which all will strive, and it will be understood that each for himself must open, as it were, the windows of his soul, in order that the Divine Light may enter therein, transcending the gross elements of materiality; transforming them into subtler vibrations.

There is a survival of the fittest, but the fit are those who by self-sacrifice and purification render themselves so. The lesson to be learned, that of purity, a 'world religion,' and that alone will teach. For when men shall have pierced the veil and discovered the common basis of all religions—the Divine Truth—then they will commence to identify themselves with that Truth, and they will work together for the common good.

The goal and the obstacles of one and all will be the same. United, mankind—a Brotherhood of Humanity—will combat evil, and though the struggle will be a prolonged one, and bitter to the end, the issue will mean the overthrow of the forces of ignorance and discord and the establishment of a perfect and lasting harmony.

Edward E. Long.

(Formerly Editor of the "Rangoon Times.")



After Civilization.

"Slowly out of the ruins of the past—like a young fern-frond uncurling out of its own brown litter.

Out of a litter of a decaying society, out of the confused mass of broken down creeds, customs, ideals;

Out of distrust and unbelief and dishonesty, and Fear, meanest of all (the stronger in the panic trampling the weaker underfoot);

Out of miserable rows of brick tenements with their cheapjack interiors, their glances of suspicion, and doors locked against each other;

Out of the polite residences of congested idleness; out of the aimless life of wealth;

Out of the dirty workshops of evil work, evilly done;

Out of the wares which are no wares poured out upon the markets, and in the shop windows,

The fraudulent food, clothing, drink, literature;

Out of the cant of Commerce—buying cheap and selling dear—the crocodile sympathy of nation with nation—

The smug merchant posing as a benefactor of his kind, the parasite parsons and scientists;

The despair and unbelief possessing all society—rich and poor, educated and ignorant, the money-lender, the wage-slave, the artist and the washerwoman alike;

All feeling the terrible pressure and tension of the modern problem;

Out of the litter and muck of a decaying world,

Lo! even so

I saw a new life arise."

Edward Carpenter.



"The world is in a peaceless condition because it does not know what the doctrine of Jesus is, therefore it cannot believe in and obey it."

C. Pine.

Christmas Carnage.

The following extract from an address by Colonel W. L. B. Coulson, which has been printed in the *New Age*, the *Humanitarian*, and other papers, evidences the reality and the earnestness of the protest that is now being made in all directions against the wanton butchery of God's Creatures that so disgraces Christendom:—

"Wanting in self-control in eating at all seasons of the year, we give way, at Christmas, to an unbridled license of feasting and guzzling. 'Say nothing' said a medical friend once to me, against our over-indulgence in flesh at Christmas. It is our best time. It is then we make the most of our money."

At this time the whole country literally runs with blood. Animals for weeks before are exhibited at shows, fed to such an unnatural extent that they can scarcely breathe or walk. Kings and princes, lords and ladies, visit these awful shows where the poor obese creatures are gloated over, and then, a few days later, these very same people gorge themselves on their sliced-up bodies, taking care, be it observed, to set aside on their plates the very junks of fat they so admired on the living body.

Can anything be more unnatural, unbecoming, and vulgarly savage than these incongruous exhibitions of miserable, panting, obese animals? Surely, only the 'tyranny of custom,' and the fact that the frequenters of such places are saturated with a super-abundance of the 'ancestral savage' can in any way explain the hideous fashion.

What are we to say of the national creed that sanctions, nay, practically encourages, the ghastly social practices which I have, with moderation, attempted to delineate? Why should we be so proud of living on the remains of our humbler fellow-creatures, and why should we seize upon the birthday of Christ to double and treble the amount we devour? It cannot be the better part of man's nature that causes this low desire.

At Christmas the trade in flesh is coarsely triumphant and needlessly insolent. The mad craze for slaughter is not confined to our busy centres. Railway traffic is impeded by thousands of calves and geese in sacks, turkeys and other fowls in crates, and the 'big shoots' swell as Christmas draws nigh, with a result that might well bring tears to the eyes of 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles,'—for, maimed and bleeding, crouch scores of pheasants, hares and rabbits, when dusk sets in, and the 'guns' have retired to bright and cosy drawing-rooms to drink tea and discuss the valour each and all have shown in 'bringing down' fur and feather.

Oh! it is a sad, murderous season, this of 'Merry Christmas.'

Whatever we do in theory there is no doubt that in practice we usher in the natal day of Christ with a demoniacal frenzy for slaughter.

Supposing there were inhabitants in other planets, and they were able to visit us here about Christmastide, and were to go to our butchers' and poulters' markets, there to view the hideous display of the products of the shambles. Would not their conviction be that whatever the Founder of Christianity intended, we had debased his religion into a sham, and were given over to slaughter, meanness, and gluttony?"

Announcements.

This Journal is regularly supplied (gratuitously) to upwards of One Thousand Public Institutions in this and other lands, such as Free Libraries, Institutes, University Colleges, etc.

Bound volumes for 1904-5 are all sold. Volumes for 1898, 1899, and 1903, can still be obtained, Price 3/-, post free.

Readers are invited to present copies of this issue of *The Herald* to thoughtful or influential friends and acquaintances or to ask them to purchase one. A dozen copies will be sent post free for this purpose by our Secretary upon receipt of half a crown. All may thus help forward our humane Cause.

Mr. Eustace H. Miles, M.A., will deliver an address on Food Reform in the Parish Room of the Church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, on Tuesday, Jan. 16th, at 7.30 p.m. All are invited.

The Secretary cannot undertake to supply books which are not advertised as being stocked in our Book Room—unless in very special instances.

Members' Badges can be supplied upon application to the Secretary—but only to Members of The Order.

Readers of this Journal who are in sympathy with the ideals that are advocated in its pages, are invited to persuade their friends to become subscribers. Many more converts to the principles which underlie our Movement could thus be won. The subscription price is only 1/6 per annum.

If there is any Free Library, Y.M.C.A., Public Reading Room, Theological College, or other Institution where this Journal is likely to be read by thoughtful persons, which does not at present receive a copy, the Secretary will send one regularly on receipt of a request from the Librarian or Committee and a promise that it will be placed on the Reading Room Table.

The cost of circulating the literature published by The Order in all parts of the world, gratuitously, is met by the voluntary contributions of Members and sympathetic friends.

Correspondents are requested to give their names and full addresses in all cases. Orders for literature are frequently received which cannot be executed because of omissions of this sort.

American and Colonial Friends will oblige by refraining from sending coins enclosed in letters, as the English Postal Authorities charge a fee of fivepence. Greenbacks, or postal orders, should be sent.



Publications Received.

"A Hundred Years Hence." By T. Baron Russell (J. Fisher Unwin, 7s 6d).

A forecast of our coming social conditions that is full of practical and suggestive thought. A book that every student of our national problems, and every up-to-date thinker should read."

"The Bible's own account of Itself." By Edward Maitland, B.A. (The Ruskin Press, Stafford Street, 6d).

"A Simple Prayer and Creed," By Eustace Miles, M.A. (From the Author, 10, St. Paul's Road, Cambridge, 1/- net).

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Copies have been presented by Mr. George Cadbury and Mr. W. H. Lever to every inhabitant of Bournville and Port Sunlight, and by Messrs. Nestlé and Idris to all their employees.

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and Tooth Soap are also made entirely from these vegetable
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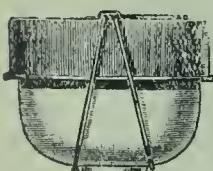
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